

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 164.

The Principles of Nature.

NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM.

Extract from Carlyle's "SARTOR RESARTOR."

It is in his stupendous section, headed *Natural Supernaturalism*, that the professor first becomes a seer; and, after long effort, such as we have witnessed, finally subdues under his feet this refractory clothes-philosophy, and takes victorious possession thereof. Phantasms enough he has had to struggle with; "clothes and cobwebs" of imperial mantles, superannuated symbols, and what not; yet still did he courageously pierce through. Nay, worst of all, two quite mysterious, world-embracing phantasms, time and space, have ever hovered round him, perplexing and bewildering; but with these also he now resolutely grapples; these also he victoriously rends asunder. In a word, he has looked fixedly on existence, till, one after the other, its earthly hulls and garnitures have all melted away; and now, to his ripe vision, the interior celestial Italy of Holmes lies disclosed.

Here, therefore, properly it is that the philosophy of clothes attains to transcendentalism; this last leap, can we but clear it, takes us safe into the promised land, where *Palimpsestus* (New Birth), in all senses, may be considered as beginning. "Courage, then!" may our Diogenes exclaim, with better right than Diogenes the First once did. This stupendous section we after long, painful meditation, have found not to be unintelligible; but on the contrary to grow clear, ray radiant, and all-illuminating. Let the reader, turning on it what utmost force of speculative intellect is in him, do his part as we, by judicious selection and adjustment, shall study to do ours.

"Deep has been, and is, the significance of miracles," thus quietly begins the professor; "far deeper perhaps than we imagine. Meanwhile, the question of questions were: What specially is a miracle? To that Dutch king of Siam, an icicle had been a miracle; who had carried with him an air-pump, and viol of vitriolic ether, might have worked a miracle. To my horse again, who unhappily is still more unscientific, do not I work a miracle, and magical 'Open Sesame!' every time I please to pay two-pence, and open for him an impassable *schlagbaum*, or shut turnpike?"

But is not a real miracle simply a violation of the laws of nature? ask several; whom I answer by this new question: What are the laws of nature? To me perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no violation of these laws, but a confirmation; were some far deeper law, now first penetrated into, and by spiritual force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its material force.

Here too may some inquire, not without astonishment: On what ground shall one, that can make him swim, come and declare that therefore he can teach religion? To us truly of the nineteenth century, such declaration were inept enough; yet nevertheless to our fathers, of the first century, was full of meaning.

"But is it not the deepest law of nature that she be constant," cries an illuminated class. "Is not the machine of the universe fixed to move by unalterable rules?" Probable enough, good friends. Nay, I too must believe that the God, whom ancient inspired men ascribed to be "without variableness or shadow of turning," does indeed never change; that nature, that the universe, which no one whom it so places can be prevented from calling a machine, does move by the most unalterable rules. And now of you too I make the old inquiry: What those same unalterable rules, forming the complete statute-book of nature, may possibly be?

"They stand written in our works of science," say you; "in the accumulated records of man's experience?" Was man with his experience present at the creation, then, to see how it all went on? Have any deepest scientific individuals yet divined down to the foundations of the universe, and gazed everything there? Did the Maker take them into His counsel, that they read his ground-plan of the incomprehensible All, and can say, 'This stands marked therein, and no more than this! Alas! not in anyone! These scientific individuals have been nowhere but where we also are; have seen some handbreadth deeper than we see into the deep that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.'

Laplace's book on the stars, wherein he exhibits that certain planets, with their satellites, gyrate round our worthy sun, at a rate and in a course which, by greatest good fortune, he and the like of him have succeeded in detecting, is to me as precious as to another. But is this what thou nimest "mechanism of the heavens," and "system of the world;" this, wherein Sirius and the Pleiades, and all Herschel's fifteen thousand suns per minute being left out, some paltry handful of moons and inert balls, had been looked at, nicknamed, and marked in the zodiacal way-vill; so that we can now prate of their whereabouts; their how, their why, and their what, being hid from us as in the signless loam?

System of nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, nature remains of quite infinite depth, of quite infinite expansion; and all experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries, and measured square miles. The course of nature's phases, as this or little fraction of a planet, is partially known to us; but who knows what deeper courses these depend on, what infinitely huge cycles (of causes) our little epicycle

revolves on! To the minnow, every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident of its little native creek may have become familiar; but does the minnow understand the ocean tides and periodic currents, the trade-winds and monsoons, and moon's eclipses; by all which the condition of its little creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (unannouncedly enough), be quite overruled and reversed? Such a minnow is man; his creek this planet earth, his ocean the immeasurable all, his monsoons and periodic currents the mysterious course of Providence through aeons of aeons.

We speak of the volume of nature, and truly a volume it is, whose author and writer is God. To read it! Dost thou, does man so much as know the alphabet thereof? With its words, sentences, and grand descriptive pages, practical and philosophical, spread out through solar systems and thousands of years, we shall not try to do. It is a volume written in celestial hieroglyphs, in the true sacred writing, of which even prophets are happy that they can read here a line and there a line. As for your institutes and academies of science, they strive bravely; and, from amid the thick-crowded, inextricably-intertwisted hieroglyphic writing, pick out, by dexterous combination, some letters in the vulgar character, and therefrom put together this and the other economic recipe, of high avail in practice. That nature is more than some boundless volume of such recipes, or huge, well-nigh inexhaustible domestic cookery book, of which the whole secret will in this manner one day evolve itself, the fewest dream.

Custom, continues the professor, doth make dotards of us all. Consider well, thou wilt find that custom is the greatest of weavers, and weaves airy raiment for all the Spirits of the Universe, whereby indeed those dwell with us visibly, as ministering servants, in our houses and workshops; but their spiritual nature becomes to the most, forever hidden. Philosophy complains that custom has hoodwinked us from the beginning; that we do everything by custom, even believe by it; that our very axioms, let us boast of free-thinking as we may, are oftenest simply such beliefs as we have never heard questioned. Nay, what is philosophy throughout, but a continual battle against custom, an ever-renewed effort to transcend the sphere of blind custom, and so become transcendental?

Innumerable are the illusions and legerdemain tricks of custom; but of all these, perhaps the cleverest is her knack of persuading us that the miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be miraculous. True, it is by this means we live; for man must work as well as wonder; and herein is custom a kind nurse, guiding him to his true benefit. But she is a fond, foolish nurse, or rather we are false, foolish nurselings, when in our resting and reflective hours, we prolong the same deception. Am I to view the stupendous with stupid indifference, because I have seen it twice, or two hundred, or two million times? There is no reason in nature or in art why I should; unless, indeed, I am a mere work-machine, for whom the divine gift of thought were no other than the terrestrial gift of steam to the steam-engine; a power whereby cotton might be spun, and money and money's worth realized.

Notable enough, too, here as elsewhere, wilt thou find the potency of names, which indeed are but one kind of such custom-woven, wonder-hiding garments. Witchcraft, and all manner of specter-work and demonology, we have now named madness and diseases of the nerves. Seldom reflecting that still the new question comes upon us, What is madness—what are nerves? Ever, as before, does madness remain a mysterious, terrific, altogether infernal boiling up of the nether chaotic deep, through this fair-painted vision of creation which swims thereon, and which we name the real. Was Luther's picture of the Devil less a reality; whether it were formed within the bodily eye, or without it? In even the wisest soul lies a whole world of internal madness, an authentic demon-empire, out of which, indeed, his world of wisdom has been creatively built together, and now rests there, as on its dark foundations does a habitable flowery earth-rod.

But deepest of all illusory appearances, for hiding wonder as for many other ends, are your two grand fundamental world-enveloping appearances, SPACE and TIME. These, as spun and woven for us from before birth itself, to clothe our celestial ME for dwelling here, and yet to blind it, lie all embracing, as the universal canvas, or warp and woof, whereby all minor illusions, in this phantasm existence, weave and paint themselves. In vain, while here on earth, shall you endeavor to strip them off; you can at best but rend them asunder for moments, and look through.

Fortunatus had a wishing-hat, which, when he put on, and wished himself anywhere, behold! he was there. By this means, had Fortunatus triumphed over space, he had annihilated space; for him there was no Where, but all was Here. Were a hatter to establish himself here, and make felts of this sort for all man kind, what a world we should have of it! Still stranger, should, on the opposite side of the street, another hatter establish himself, and, as his fellow craftsman made space-annihilating hats, make time-annihilating! Of both would I purchase, were it with my last groshen; but chiefly of this latter. To clap on your felt, and, simply wishing that you were anywhere, straightway to be there! Next, to clap on your other felt, and, simply by wishing to be anywhere, straightway to be there! This were indeed the grander; shooting at will from the fire-creation of the world to its fire-combustion; here historically present in the first century, conversing face to face with Paul and Seneca; there prophetically in the thirty-first, conversing also face to face with other Pauls and

Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depths of that late time!

Or thinkest thou it were impossible, unimaginable? Is the past annihilated, then, or only past; is the future non-existent or only future? Those mystic faculties of time, memory and hope, already answer; already through these mystic avenues, thou, the earth-blinded, summonest both past and future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of yesterday drop down, the curtains of to-morrow roll up; but yesterday and to-morrow both are. Pierce through the time-element, glance into the eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of man's soul, even as all thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there, that time and space are not God, but creations of God; that with God, as it is a universal Here, so is it an everlasting Now.

And seest thou therein any glimpse of immortality? O heaven! Is the white tomb of our loved one who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, which rises in the distance like a pale, mournfully receding mile-stone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone—but a pale, spectral illusion? Is the lost friend still mysteriously here, even as we are here mysteriously with God? Know of a truth that the only time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, is even now and forever. This, should it unhappily seem new, thou mayest ponder at thy leisure, for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries; believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not.

That the thought-forms, space and time, wherein, once for all, we are sent into this earth to live, should condition and determine our whole practical reasonings, conceptions, and imagings or imaginings—seems altogether fit, just, and unavoidable. But that they should, furthermore, usurp such sway over pure spiritual meditation, and blind us to the wonder everywhere lying close on us, seems nowise so. Admit space and time to their due rank as forms of thought; nay, even if thou wilt, to their quite undue rank of realities; and consider, then, with thyself how their thin disguises hide from us the brightest God-effulgence! Thus, were it not miraculous, could I stretch forth my hand, and clutch the sun? Yet thou seest me daily stretch forth my hand, and therewith clutch many a thing, and swing it hither and thither. Art thou a grown baby, then, to fancy that the miracle lies in miles of distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of weight; and not to see that the true inexplicable God-revealing miracle lies in this, that I can stretch forth my hand at all; that I have free force to clutch aught therewith? Innumerable other of this sort are the deceptions and wonder-hiding stupefactions, which space practices on us.

Still worse is it with regard to time. Your grand anti-magician, and universal wonder-hider, is this same lying time. Had we but the time-annihilating hat, to put on for ones only, we should see ourselves in a world of miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic thaumaturgy and feats of magic were outdone. But unhappily we have not such a hat; and man, poor fool that he is, can seldom and scantily help himself without one.

Were it not wonderful, for instance, had Orpheus, or Amphion, built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound of his lyre? Yet tell me, who built these walls of Weisnichtevo; summoning out all the sandstone rocks to dance along from the Steinbruch (now a huge troglodyte chasm, with frightful green mantled pools) and shape themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, quarried ashlar houses, and noble streets? Was it not the still higher Orpheus, or Orpheuses, who, in past centuries, by the divine music of wisdom, succeeded in civilizing man? Our highest Orpheus, walking in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago; his sphere-melody, flowed in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompaniments, and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; and modulates and divinely leads them. Is that a wonder which happens in two hours; and does it cease to be wonderful if happening in two million? Not only was Thebes built by the music of an Orpheus, but without the music of some inspired Orpheus was no city ever built—no work that man glories in ever done.

Sweep away the illusion of Time; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near-moving cause to its far-distant mover. The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck and sent flying? Ah, could I (with the time-annihilating hat) transport thee direct from the beginnings to the endings, how were thy eye-sight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the light sea of celestial wonder! Then savest thou that this fair universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-dome city of God; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every living soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But nature, which is the time-vesture of God, and reveals him to the wise, hides him from the foolish.

Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost? The English Johnson longed all his life to see one, but could not, though he went to Cook Lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never with the mind's eye as well as the body's, look round him into that full tide of human life he so loved; did he never so much as look into himself? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; well nigh a million of Ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more, I say, sweep away the illusion of time; compress the three

score years into three minutes; what else was he, what are we? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an *Appearance* (apparitions); and that fade away again into air and invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific fact; we start out of nothingness, take figure, and are apparitions; round us, as round the veriest specter, is eternity; and to eternity minutes are as years and eons. Come there not tones of love and faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the song of beatified souls! And, again, do we not squawk and gibber (in our discordant, screech-owl-like debates and recriminations); and gibble bodeful and feeble and fearful; or uproot and rave in our mad dance of the dead—till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still home, and dreary night becomes awake and day! Where now is Alexander of Macedon; does the steel host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed goblins must? Napoleon, too, and his Moscow retreats and Austerlitz campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest specter-hunt; which has now, with its howling tumult that made night hideous, flitted away! Ghosts! There are high a thousand million walking the earth openly at noon-tide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, are they watch ticks once.

O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These limbs, whence had we them? This stormy force, this life-blood with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow; a shadow-system gathered round our ME; wherein through some moments or years, the divine essence is to be revealed in the flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart; but warrior and war-horse are a vision; a revealed force, nothing more. Stately they tread the earth, as if it were a firm substance. Fool! the earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummetts sounding. Plummetts! Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago they were not; a little while and they are not; their very ashes are not.

So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian night, on Heaven's mission APPEARS. What force and fire is in each he expends; one grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the giddy Alpine heights of science; one, madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife with his fellow; and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly venture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; earth's mountains are leveled, and her seas filled up, in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead, and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive! On the hardest adamant some foot-print of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God and to God.

"We are such stuff, As dreams are made of, and our little life Is rounded with a sleep!"

MOVEMENT OF MATERIAL OBJECTS

BY SPIRIT-FORCE.

Almost every number of the TELEGRAPH contains accounts of heavy substances having been moved by Spirits without the intervention of human agency; and those who are opposed to Spiritualism charge Spiritualists with believing this to arise from influences in direct contradiction to natural law. Now, I believe that, so far as these accounts are true, they arise from the exercise of natural law, to an extent not before understood; and that the time will arrive when these phenomena will be perceived to bear the same relation to natural law as do the phenomena of combustion, gravitation etc. For each of these we have a representative word which merely represents a process we observe, but the cause of which is not understood. We all know that bodies attract each other, and this we call "gravity." We understand it as a truth established, but who knows the cause? We also know that in the process of combustion, carbon dissolves in oxygen; that the thing burned is not put out of existence, but merely changes its figure to a new form known as carbonic acid, which we can readily trace through all its after-combinations and re-appropriations; but all this does not explain the cause of combustion, nor the cause of the consequent heat, but merely the *modus*. Still, it is no less a truth, and we clearly comprehend it as such.

No one can tell the cause why the wind blows the tide of the atmospheric ocean, the source of electricity, the brightness of flame, or the source of the sun's light; still, all these are admitted truths, and for each of them we find current analogies throughout nature, and of any of them that seems to produce an inkling of the cause, but carries us farther back for a source, and eventually we attribute all to the Great First Cause, the divine will.

It is not difficult to suppose that other forces equal to that of gravitation do exist, and still are not observable except in their effects. The movement of material objects in spiritual circles may be of this character.

We know electricity exercises repulsive force, and that, too, when not confined, in all other directions except the one toward which it repels; but we do not know the cause of this repulsion. We continually hear of crackling sounds, minute lights, and other phenomena occurring where circles are held, which would indicate the presence of rarer media analogous to electricity, and perhaps differing very widely in their properties.

Our present object is to show, that with the known exceptions claimed for Spirit-action, the smallest possible amount of force may be rendered available for the production of the most material effects, by simply admitting certain natural laws affecting this force in particular directions.

A force is the measure of the weight of any material multiplied by its velocity. Thus if the fibres of a feather could be moved with sufficient velocity it would readily enter the surface of steel. It is on this principle that a wheel of paper rapidly revolved, will cut in two a bar of steel held against it. It is for this reason that a tallow candle fired from a gun will, assisted by its velocity, pass through a pine board.

Now we have only to admit that any substance having the millionth of one grain weight shall travel with the velocity of light, and it will exercise a force on any body in a state of rest sufficiently great to enter or sever it; or we have only to suppose that it shall travel around the surface of a cylinder in a screw or helix-like direction with this immense velocity, and that cylinder, whatever might be its weight, would be raised. Thus, instead of an iron bar turning in a lathe against a chisel at rest, if the chisel itself could travel around the iron bar with the velocity that electricity or light travels, the bar would be projected from the lathe with a force equal to the weight of the chisel, multiplied by this immense velocity. Hence, when the velocity can be carried to any extent, the amount of force on the surface impinged upon, is sufficient to sustain a world, or revolve a planet in its orbit.

As an example of this being applied by a material which we only know as a force, and of the entity of which we have a very slight idea, let us observe the action of a single current of electricity, which our minds do not admit as material, through a wire wound around a cylinder or rod of iron, as in Delaney's ring, the termini of this coil being attached to the two opposite poles of a galvanic battery. Let this rod, then, be decreased in size so that it will freely pass through this opening or helix of insulated wire, and the current will sustain the rod pendent in the atmosphere.

The time required for the electricity to pass through this helix, even if composed of ten miles of wire, is inappreciably small; but at every half-inch of its travel it is exercising a repulsive force on this rod, suspended in the center of the helix, and thus its line of repulsive travel is in the form of a screw relatively to the surface of that rod; and thus Doctor Page, with such a helix, sustains pendent in the atmosphere a rod of iron weighing a thousand pounds, and sustaining on its upper end a stage or platform loaded with a weight of two thousand pounds. If on the top of this helix, and surrounding the rod in the same manner, he places another helix of similar construction, and passes the connection from the termini of the lower to the termini of the upper helix, this immense weight immediately rises. Thus he may change the termini from the upper to the lower, causing the rod to perform the office of a trip-hammer, and all this by the repulsive force of so much electricity as can play through a single wire.

Now, if we admit that time and space are not elements in the movement of Spirit-force, and we admit the existence of such force, then we also admit its power to move with a velocity many times greater than that with which electricity travels; and if so, it requires but to admit that the line of direction of this travel of rarer media, is under the control of Spirit-intelligence, and we can readily understand that such a helix-like movement around the legs of a table, with an upward tendency, must lift it, whatever amount of weight be placed upon it.

Spiritualists have only to establish that the rarer media do exist (and all observable truth seems to claim the necessity of such existence), and then to show that time is not an element in the action of such rarer media, and they at once prove by the exercise of natural law as understood in the every-day occurrences of life, that material objects may be moved by Spirit-influences, without any offense to the known laws of God and Nature.

PHOSPH.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.—This is not the offspring of a diseased mental and moral action. It is not the strange fire that is kindled from the bottomless pit, and kept alive by excited passions. It is not the feverish excitement or the fitful wanderings of the distracted brain. Neither the fear of punishment or the desire for denominational supremacy, can be among the elements of true devotion. The true worshiper is moved by an inward impulse. He is drawn upward by the attractive power of the Positive Mind. By a divine yet natural impulse the spirit is quickened into newness of life and is made to manifest its powers in beautiful and harmonious action. Thus the poor and lowly man render appropriate homage. It requires no costly sacrifices—no difficult and painful service. It is the offering of the heart—the income of pure thoughts and devout emotions, and its highest manifestation is the obedience of the worshiper to the Divine Institutions. It is the deep yearning of the Spirit after light, and sympathy and liberty.

S. P. R.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1855.

DIGNITY OF VOCATION.

No impression prevailing in society is more false or fatal to the manhood of a people, than that which gauges a man's worth or respectability, by the field of labor or profession he occupies, so long as that labor or profession is useful and honest. And we hold every useful vocation to be honest, denying, emphatically, that dishonesty is ever useful. The nobility of man—not depending in this country, thank God! upon hereditary honor, title or wealth—should flow not from the nature of his honest toil, but from the spirit he carries to that toil; the spirit by which, with or against the smiles of temporal fortune, he shapes his career among, and his intercourse with, his fellow-men. He is more the true man, who turns chimney-sweeping to an honest, independent account, than he who, scorning the rough toils of the humble and needy, is willing to live an idler—however proudly caparisoned—upon the industry, sweat and blood of his fellow-men. The gospel of humanity teaches that nobility of character is hereditary only to nobility of action and thought, and that to be useful, honest, great and good, is to be great and good and beautiful in the sight of heaven. He is a braver man who persists in doing the humblest useful work, in spite of human ridicule and contempt, than he who perils his life in bloody content, spurred by the vanity and ambition-flattering voice of the world.

Now and then we hear of the "most respectable" classes, and find that this respectability is made to rest upon peculiarities of profession, upon external distinctions, as though a man's handiwork were the necessary measure of his heart and soul, of that interior spiritual being which may

"Flame on the forehead of the dawn."

when its shell of a body and all its earthly externals are perished. What could be more false in public sentiment, or more debasing and dishonoring to true manhood, than the weighing of a man's nobility in the scale of the manual or other labor to which he may chance to be called, or by the accident of his place or caste of birth? Was the haughtiest of the line of Cæsars truly nobler than he who was "born in a manger," and "had not where to lay his head," or did the humblest avocations detract from the moral and spiritual splendor of those poor "disciples" whose glory is transcendent while the names of contemporary kings are forgotten? And in a republic, where theories of "divine rights," and nobility of blood and caste, are professedly discarded, how shameful this distinguishing men for other than moral and mental worth! Yet this false distinction exists, and increases in our midst. We see it in a thousand displays of pseudo-aristocracy of up-start classes who, glorying in the possession of superior wealth, won, perhaps, by the hard-handed industry and prudence of a former generation, or by successful speculation, look down with vulgar scorn upon men who far surpass them in all the attributes of humanity.

That man is base who fails to remember with pride a noble-minded or noble-souled ancestor; but baser is the man who seeks to hide his own ignominy or deformity under the mantle of reputable forefathers. The proudest coat-of-arms ever graven on a man's shield, or fitted to his shoulders, is the home-spun coat worn by brave, honest toil. If we subtract for a moment from the world's history, the record of sturdy, humble labor, we strip the earth of its fairest page. Continents are left of cities and tilted fields, and ocean is shorn of its keels and white wings. The potent nobilities have done little more than to rust and corrupt the fruits of heroic "common" toil.

Henry Clay, republican in all his instincts, paid the working-man a just and noble compliment when he said to a mechanic, as he shook his hand hard, and pointed to the city's palaces and spires, "Behold, on every side, the monuments to your glory!" What matters it whether one carries the hod or the plumb-line—mixes the mortar or handles the trowel, so long as each well fills his place, and each is essential to the progressing triumphs of human attainment?

"They labor well who labor long and late;
Some toil as well who only watch and wait."

We would not have a man voluntarily descend to inferior conditions of toil, if he has the chance and capacity for the superior; but we would have every man feel that, when necessity or usefulness commands, there is no honest labor dishonorable. The Lord Chancellor on his wool-sack does not more conserve, according to his advantages, the welfare of mankind, than the mason who hews the stone in the quarry, or the shepherd who tends his flocks on the hill-side. Be it ever remembered that, while patent nobilities have been tarnished by the meanest vices and the most odious crimes, the revolutionizers of nations and the saviors of races have sprung oftentimes from the ranks of the humble and obscure.

"Think not that the clothe the bosom
Bar the noble soul within;
So the God may never blossom
Underneath a toiler's skin."

This is no idle matter. The world has been cursed in all ages by arbitrary castes and miserably false social distinctions, based on a "scale" of dignities of vocation. Should not every American, will not every true man, raise his (or her) voice and example against the furtherance in this land, as yet comparatively free from caste, of a sentiment calculated to raise as wide distinctions in our country, and as formidable barriers between classes, simply on the score of their differing toils and professions, as ever cursed feudalism in trampled Europe? Let him who boasts the superior respectability of his calling in the general field of honest labor, be answered by contempt and scorn, for Burns has the truth of it:

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

To the working-man—and he who toils not usefully is a drone among men and an abomination in the sight of God—we would say but one thing—Heed not the false sentiment that would deny you dignity or respectability because your labor soils your hands and swarthy brow. Better, by far, have soiled hands and swarthy brow, than the corrupt heart and the vicious brain of the two extremes of society who prey on your labor—the vagabonds of the gutter, shameless in their crime and mendacity, and the vaunted aristocracy, whose wealth hides their corruption from public sight. Aim high in honest purpose, holding a true soul as better than gold, and the approval of conscience as sweeter than the world's flattery, and you shall triumph, even in the humblest vocation. Your daily labor shall not be the gauge of your manhood, for you have, over and above that, for self-communion and for society, a heart and brain which are not slaves to the work of your hands.

LETTER FROM MR. PARTRIDGE.

SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS IN ATHENS CO., O.

Number One.

Jonathan Koons lived with his parents in Bedford county, Pa., until April 1835, when he left, and finally married and settled in Athens county, Ohio, in 1837. His father was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and his mother of the Lutheran Church. Jonathan once joined the Episcopal Church, but never felt fully satisfied that the Bible was authentic and true. He found so many things in it that he could not reconcile with reason, that he lost all faith, neglected the church, and finally settled down in cold Atheism, and believed that death was the end of man. Still he yearned for immortality, and tried to base a rational faith in an unbroken continuity of life, upon the deep-seated desire of his soul; but when he considered that his first and greatest desire was to live here, and the evidences all around him proved that he could not, the foundation upon which he was endeavoring to build a rational hope was destroyed.

He continued to hear and read arguments for immortality, but nothing met his case. Finally he saw something in the N. Y. Tribune, respecting Spirit-rappings in Rochester, and then a report of a committee in Rochester, favoring the idea that the rappings were produced by Spirits. He subsequently read Charles Partridge's several statements in the same paper, of what he and others had witnessed in Rochester and in New York. He thought of going to Rochester to witness the phenomena, but being poor he deferred it. He soon learned that the thing was spreading, and hoped that if it was true, it would come within his reach. Finally a Mr. Joseph Herald, who lived in Athens county, was traveling in Indiana, and saw a rapping medium there. He asked the Spirits, in her presence, whether there was a medium in his county. The Spirits replied, "Yes." Mary Jane Paston, of Dover, Athens county, Ohio, is a rapping medium. When the young man returned, he called on the Paston family, and related what he had witnessed, and requested them to sit round the table with him. They did so, and to their astonishment raps were heard. None of the Paston family had seen or believed anything in Spiritualism. Mr. Paston was an infidel, as professing Christians would have called him, and Mrs. Paston was a member of the Methodist Church. They continued to hold circles. The wondrous spread throughout the county, and attracted a great many visitors. Mr. Paston was slow to believe in the spiritual origin of the phenomena; for that interfered with his belief in annihilation. He was poor, and could not afford to spend his time, nor have his family spend theirs to wait upon company; and he became dissatisfied and provoked, and determined to break it up. He commanded his daughter, under some threat or penalty, to stop the raps, and not sit again for anybody; and people were turned away without giving them an opportunity to see anything.

The excitement subsided; people ceased coming; but the facts still maintained a hold on Mr. Paston's mind, who silently meditated upon them and upon his own conduct in the matter; and after some weeks or months he concluded to call on Jonathan Koons, whom he knew as a brother atheist, and relate the facts to him. He did so, and invited Koons to call at his house at a certain time, and they would privately investigate the matter. He was really afraid the phenomena would prove to be produced by Spirits, and thus destroy his faith in death as the end of man. Mr. Koons called at the appointed time, and had communications with the invisible; and among other things, he asked if there was a medium in his immediate neighborhood or in his family. "Yes," was the reply. "Will you tell who it is?" "Thou art the man," said they, and appointed a certain day and hour, several days subsequent, when they would develop him as a medium. Mr. K. sat several days before the day appointed, but felt no influence; when the time came, however, his hand was seized by some strange influence, and used to write three or four sheets of paper over, in a very good hand-writing, in as many minutes. It had the appearance of a language, but he could not read it. They continued to write in this way some two weeks, and he rather neglected sitting, and expressed the opinion to his wife one day that the movements of his arm were not produced by Spirits, but some unconscious mental action of his own. His wife had observed its influence on him, and did not believe the intelligence and force originated in him or any other person present; and while they were discussing the matter, his hand was moved to write a communication to them in English, the character of which entirely disproved his theory.

His children, seven in number, then began to be developed, one for rapping, another for tipping, another for writing, another for speaking, another for seeing, and so on. The Spirits communicated through these several modes in the English language; but every Spirit seemed to have an opinion of his or her own, and no two seemed to agree. He concluded that all this was no better than the writing he could not read, for he knew not what or whom to believe. After communicating with Spirits of every grade, and those of every sect and party of men that ever inhabited the earth, each claiming to hold, with sometimes slight variations, the same views that they entertained while living in the body, he got provoked that he could not do oracle upon whom he could rely; and on the 15th August, 1852, and after communicating this way six months, he gathered up his numerous manuscripts to burn them and abandon the whole thing as the work of the devil, or at least unprofitable, seeing there was the same diversity of opinion and doctrine in the invisible world that there was in the earth-sphere, and some of these communications were so contemptibly silly and untruthful, that nobody in the form would own them, or be supposed to originate them. Therefore he concluded they were Spirits, but miserable devils, and he resolved to have nothing more to do with them.

While in the act of burning these manuscripts, with a view of abandoning the thing forever, the Spirits began to pound and thrash, and throw his furniture about the room. Tremendous noises, like trees or logs falling on the ground and on the house, and like logs rolling over the roof, were distinctly heard. They shook the old log cabin so that he was afraid they would rattle it down over his head. His purpose was arrested, and he asked what they wanted. They signified that they wished him to forbear a little longer, when all would be right. He asked what Spirit it was that said this, when the alphabet was called for by raps, and it was spelled, "King and martyr of pains servant and scholar of God." The Spirit requested him to obtain certain paints, and he would direct them how to mix them. They obtained the paints in a few days, and mixed them under his direction, making a variety of colors which I saw, but of which I am no judge.

Mr. Koons demanded of the Spirit his history, and the latter appointed the 17th of August, at three o'clock in the afternoon, as a time to give it, and accordingly he did give it at that time. The Spirit requested Mr. Koons to desist from the destruction of the manuscripts, and from his intention to abandon further investigation, and offered to preside over his circles in future, and shield him from further annoyance from undeveloped Spirits, if he wished to accept of his services.

(NOTE.—The boat is about starting from Louisville to St. Louis, and I have no time to write more. I shall probably start from St. Louis home about the 15th inst.) CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

To be Continued.

SCHEME OF CREATION.

On Friday morning, of last week, a gentleman who is unquestionably one of the best mediums for spiritual communications now known, entered our sanctum and immediately became subject to a powerful spiritual influx. After being slightly exercised in the way of expanding the lungs, he sat down and dictated from a trance state, the following curious, and to us entirely novel, theory respecting the origin of man and the lower animated tribes. It will be read with interest by all, and to many it will be far more acceptable than that hypothesis which places the ancestry of our race in Bababodon.

It is one peculiar property of animated nature, that its forms are varied according to the conditions of earth and atmosphere. In order, therefore, that Floral or Animal forms may be unfolded into the visible representatives of the ideas and affections which they typify, it is important that suitable terrestrial and ethereal conditions should be provided. Before the Human Race, whose external forms are the embodiments of all inferior principles, and whose interior forms are the receptacles of divine ideas and loves, could ever have been created upon this earth, suitable terrestrial as well as atmospheric developments were necessary. It is not true, as has been taught by many of the present day, that man in the beginning upon this orb, proceeded from the womb of the animal creation; because the atomic particles which enter into the constitution of the human external form, were obliged to be denatured, or in other words disengaged from their connection with the animal spirit, before the proper vortical motion, or rather spiral-vortical motion, through which they were formed into the external human body, could have been imparted to them.

I am profoundly impressed with the truth—at least the apparent truth—that the fetus of the primate man was not developed in the womb of the animal; and I am also inclined to believe that the entire animal kingdom in reality had an origin upon this planet by means of the encasement of the pollen of various vegetable forms, according to a law which I design to specify. Every tree whose seed is in itself in a state of fluency, receives an influx of the affections of celestial angels. The positive fruit-bearing principle is celestial, the negative terrestrial; by the conjunction of the two, fruit results. A suitably developed human being of the present time, purified from grossness, by partaking of the fruit of any tree, would be enabled to sense the quality of the celestial affections ultimated therein, and to feed upon that which is heavenly, as if he were an ascended Spirit.

Every tree, every plant bearing seed, from the most minute to the most enlarged and stately vegetable organization, in the beginning of the formation of the animal kingdom, subserved a mediatorial use. The rose brought forth the dove, and the stateliest of all the forest trees nourished in its fruit-bearing receptacles, the soaring eagle. The antelope was gestated in the bosom of a tropical tree, that in its trembling foliage, like an enormous sensitive plant, corresponds to that wild and timed creature.

You call this theory poetical, perhaps—as if Creation was not a sublime utterance, lyrical in all its parts, and grandly rising to celestial utterances. The little book written by a seer of the last century, concerning the creation of man, is not, as his so-called followers say, the production of a state inferior to his subsequent illumination. He was, indeed, more than impressed—impregnated mentally with a divine idea; unfolded, however, but partially in the externals of his mind. Nevertheless, it was the highest, clearest, and most harmonic statement which could have been unfolded through his mind. He was then overshadowed by the creative sphere of the universe.

I am asked in what manner this process of universal impregnation of the vegetable kingdom occurred? Permit me briefly to utter my thought in relation to it. There descended from the heavens, an innumerable multitude of angels who encompassed the earth, literally enclosing the orb with their harmonious company, and they came bearing gifts, and in fulfillment of one of the sublimest of all uses. And the archetypal forms of all animal creations were unfolded in the sphere which emanated from their connected radiations, and by degrees the vegetable kingdom being thus overshadowed from on high, was impregnated and brought forth. In consequence, however, of oscillations and perturbations to which the earth was subject, this conception which then took place did not, in all instances, result in developed animal life; but in many instances in abortive formations, and in others the developments which took place did not in all things represent their archetype. In reality there are no creations from subversive interior spheres, all creations being from the Lord through the heavens. Interposing and vitiating influences, however, operating on and through the impregnated matrices, arrest the embryo in its development, and produce perverted organizations.

At a subsequent period, Jehovah God projected from the Divine Infinity the thought, the archetypal, primordial, dual form of man, inter-involved, and presenting the appearance of one organization, which was masculine. And this form was inter-involved into a terrestrial fetus, formed within an ovarious fruit of a tree; and the celestial influxes of the heavens nourished the embryo until parturition.

The society from whence this utterance is permitted to descend for a divine use, was also permitted to operate upon the mind of the seer before referred to, for many months, during which time he received, and subsequently unfolded into language many truths of a character identical with that herein uttered.

"The seer of the last century," here referred to is EMANUEL SWENDBORO; the book which he has never seen is, we believe, entitled "THE WISDOM AND LOVE OF GOD." It is now out of print, but we are informed that a new translation of it has been for some time in progress, by J. J. G. Wilkinson, of London, and will probably soon be published.

The medium here described the form of the fruit in which this large egg-shaped appendage of a branch or twig of the tree, somewhat of the nature of a pod, and its development was preceded by a large crimson and gold-colored flower.

At the close of this dictation the medium saw a red seal let down before him, suspended from a red ribbon. On the seal were stamped the letters "E. S.," and a voice said, "This is a seal of attestation."

The Weapons of Ridicule.

Mr. F. H. S., of Baltimore, who has recently embraced the doctrine of Spiritual Intercourse, writes us some well-measured suggestions relative to our course in publishing such facts of positive or probable spiritual interposition as may excite the ridicule of the opposition. Our friend has been pleased, in general, with the editorials that have appeared in our columns, but thinks that our records of facts from our correspondents and other sources, have often been such as to put weapons in the hands of the enemies of our cause, and sends us as an illustration, an article clipped from the Baltimore American of the 7th inst. That article, designed as an onslaught upon Spiritualism, is made up of gleanings from the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, a few of which are accurate enough, but the larger number are so distorted by the omission of essential particulars, and so disguised in the verbiage of a sneering skepticism, as to strike the mind in a totally different manner from what they would read in the form in which we gave them publicity. We would remind our kind correspondent of what is known equally to him with ourselves, that

it is impossible for us to state the simplest fact, especially on any spiritual or religious subject, in such a manner as that a disingenuous skepticism may not turn it into ridicule; and the only way to avoid "putting weapons into the hands" of such is to withhold all facts which may conflict with their prejudices; in other words, to not publish a spiritual paper at all. But resting, as we consciously do, upon the impregnable foundation of truth, we can afford to give forth such well-attested facts of positive and probable spiritual interposition as come to us, and to enthusiastically allow a superficial and materialistic skepticism to enjoy its laugh while it feels in the humor, knowing that the time is coming when the laugh will be upon the other side of its mouth.

Arrival of Bro. Harris.

Our friend and brother, T. L. Harris, who, as our readers are aware, has been traveling and lecturing in the South, for the last few months, arrived in this city on Tuesday morning of last week. During his absence, he has delivered his spiritual messages in Baltimore, Glenview, Ga., Mobile and New Orleans. The greater part of his time was spent in the latter city, where he delivered twenty-six lectures, to intelligent and for the most part very large audiences. As an indication of the state of the cause in that city, it may be mentioned that during a part of his sojourn there, the Rev. Mr. Clapp's church, one of the largest and most splendid Protestant edifices in the southern States, was several times freely thrown open for his reception, and filled with deeply interested listeners to the new and startling truths proclaimed by the inspired preacher. All accounts which we have received from New Orleans, by letters or otherwise, conspire to show that the cause is in an exceedingly prosperous and healthy state in that city, which fact we regard as of importance, considering the position of that place as a center of radiation.

During his southern tour, Bro. Harris received many invitations to lecture in other places, but he was compelled to decline in consequence of the imperfect state of his health. He remains in this city only a few days, but after visiting his children in the country will, in compliance with the solicitations of his friends here, return and give a lecture in the Suyven Institute, on Wednesday evening, 27th inst. His friends propose to employ the occasion for his benefit, and for that purpose have issued tickets of admittance at 25 cents each, which may be procured at this office, at the office of the Christian Spiritualist, 553 Broadway, or of Dr. Warner, corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second street.

Bro. H. intends to spend the summer months in retirement in the country, and during that time, in consequence of the imperfect state of his health, will be obliged to decline all invitations to lecture. Letters intended for him may be addressed to this office.

The Woman's Advocate.

This is the title of a weekly journal, published in Philadelphia, under the editorial charge of Miss ANNE E. McDOWELL. What is particularly noteworthy in respect to this publication is, that not only is its editor a female, but all the labor of setting its type, making it up, etc., is "performed by women who are paid the standard prices of the men's Typographical Union." It is a handsome sheet of medium size, and its typographical execution is certainly highly creditable. Its editorial management displays much tact and judgment, and its columns exhibit a pleasing variety of articles, mostly having a bearing upon the great object of the publication, which is the emancipation and elevation of Woman. In Miss McDowell the oppressed, laboring and neglected portions of the female population, seem to have found an efficient advocate, whilst various moral and social reforms are urged by her in such a manner as cannot fail to be influential. The fair Editor of the Advocate has our heartiest wishes for prosperity in her noble enterprise, and we commend her journal to the attention of all liberal-minded men and women as a worthy and consistent candidate for their patronage.

The Woman's Advocate is published every Saturday at N. E. corner of Third and Chestnut-streets, third story, Philadelphia, at \$2 per annum in advance.

Mr. Clark and a New Medium in Buffalo.

For the last two Sundays Mr. Clark has been lecturing in Buffalo. The Age of Progress, published in that city, gives favorable accounts of his lectures, and of the interest they have awakened, and speaks in the following glowing terms of a new medium, Miss Hagar I. Judah, who has been under Mr. C.'s advice for some time:

This young lady made her first public appearance, with Rev. H. Clark, as an entranced, speaking, and singing medium, in Buffalo, last Sunday evening. Endowed with high virtues and accomplishments, under Spirit-influences of an extraordinary character, she created a thrilling interest in the large audience assembled, and gave evidence of being the most brilliant and remarkable medium yet called out. Her personal appearance on the platform, her attitude, her voice, her style, and everything are strangely commanding and impressive.

For the last three months or more, Miss Judah has been under the spiritual treatment of Mr. Clark; and through Spirit-aid alone, under the most astounding conditions, has been raised from the borders of death and despair. She is still quite feeble in her normal state, but when influenced seems to have superhuman strength. Her eyes, while she is entranced, instead of being closed, are open and lighted with peculiar radiance. At present she accompanies Mrs. and Mr. Clark. We may predict for her one of the brightest and grandest missions of the age, and are quite sure she will win universal enthusiasm.

SPIRITUALISM AND SOCIAL REORGANIZATION.

We have been furnished with a copy of an address on the above-named subject, delivered in St. Louis on the 6th ultimo, by E. F. UNDERHILL. We cannot publish the address entire, but give its more important portions in the following extracts:

The immediate mission of Jesus was to assert truth, and by gaining for it a recognition in the popular mind, to thus secure for it a recognition in the institutions of men. These institutions in their turn had a mission. It was to carry on the work of propagation, so far as Christianity could be furthered in its aims by institutions. To this point we have already arrived. Among the most advanced nations of earth the doctrines of Christianity have been recognized, and are now professed. The general outlines of human conduct, as taught by them, are more or less understood—though in many instances, very obscurely. The day of propagating the theory of Christianity is past. The time has come when millions upon millions of intelligent men and women are aspiring to know how Christianity is to be actualized in every day life. The theoretical recognition of Christianity we ask for no longer. The want of the age is a practical recognition of Christianity in the individual. In other words, there is an eminent dissatisfaction at the palpable contradiction between the doctrines professed and the facts existing, and the essence of the demand now made is that the principles of Christianity govern, instead of men and institutions which profess that those principles are the basis of their governmental action.

And what a mighty work is this—how grand in its conception—how glorious in its results. What power shall accomplish it? By what moral lever are we to raise mankind from the foul atmosphere of distrust and antagonism, by which he is surrounded, and place him where distrust will be succeeded by confidence—contention by peace—discord by harmony—poverty by luxury—ignorance by enlightenment—by beauty.

As institutions built upon false ideas and doctrines fell before a man whose immediate mission it was to inculcate ideas and doctrines of

truth which should gain an honorable recognition at least by existing institutions, so it is appropriate that the substitution in the governments of institutions, of a government of principles—of spiritual realities—though unseen and intangible—should be accepted by agents also unseen.

And lo! the heavens are opened. Angels of light, exalted spirits of wisdom, descend and begin the mighty work of a spiritual reorganization of the world. Their presence is manifested, however singularly—yet it is manifested. Unseen voices are to a world of woe in accents of consolation for the present and for the future. Boldly and without ostentation does the mighty force of unseen power move on its beneficent path, gathering unto itself the elements of success—drawing here and there a choice spirit who, foregone, predictions, accepts the truth because of the intricate world of itself, as he sees it revealed by the Spirit which inspired the boundless and unadorned ocean of eternity. Without the use of a single principle of police interference, without the aid of troops, without the machinery of extensive organization and complex without the means of propaganda, against the tide of popular opinion, and against the wills of the people themselves, who would not believe that better, spirit voices have been heard around the globe—and says—Roman and Protestant—orthodox and infidel, Gentile—conservative and liberal—Christian and infidel, women, even convinced of the spiritual origin of the many voices, have eagerly embraced the truths revealed. With no effort on the part of its advocates, Spiritualism has created schisms in those churches, and has strongest cohesive power has been self-acting, or blind working of the past. Church members have withdrawn from the sects. Literally named ministers are careless in their manner of speaking of the subject. Orthodox ministers, after exhausting efforts without effect in endeavoring to satisfy the world that Spiritualism is but a piece of metaphysical trickery, have lately begun to deliver to the different pulpits in the imperative demand of the hour for an explanation of the mystery. And that hypothesis, worthy of the orthodox ministry—for they scribble the manifestos of the Devil. Yes, the Devil who, pictured by them in the most grotesque colors that an imagination influenced by heathen horrors presents in the popular religion, has been the mightiest aid of orthodox ministers in its efforts to secure an artificial religion, and an artificial religion to depraved humanity. A religious revival without a hell would be like an artillery company without ammunition. But the of the salubrious origin of the doctrine, indicated by Spiritualism obtained and will obtain but a limited credence. The doctrine is lively revivifies it. The doctrine of Spiritualism are abundant, and that to those which could proceed from a demon of darkness, if we admit the hypothesis of the orthodox clergy that the devil is the source of the doctrines of Spiritualism, then he is said to be the great he is indicated more luminous—yes, and more spiritualizing of the world than are indicated by an orthodox God, if the orthodox God is the God of the world be believed. Let us give the devil his due.

Spiritualism teaches the doctrine of individual responsibility, and repudiates a class who have assumed to act as mediators between the conscience of man and his God. Whilst it does this, it does a moment undervalued either the services of the priesthood, or of the clergy. In the infancy of the human race, out of which it is now emerging, religious sentiment has been nourished and sustained by men and then by influences of a positive character—inducements set before us through the medium of the senses. Sculpture, painting, epics, and impudences have been used to typify the divine attributes.

It should create no surprise, that in religious-intellectual property people have at length outstripped the clergy. The individual spirit in the broad fields of freedom, with little or nothing to deter vision, nothing to prevent him from following truth wherever it leads. But creeds, church governments, and religious conventions have circumscribed the clergyman's thought; he has advanced upon these have been narrowed down.

But the mission of Spiritualism is not alone to secure the spiritual elevation of man. Were its efforts devoted to this matter it would be but little better than the orthodox christianization of man. Spiritual elevation, moral elevation, intellectual elevation, and so on, and physical elevation, are but the subdivisions of a unitary movement, which seeks the highest permanent happiness of every man, woman and child. To seek to promote the elevation of man in any one of these directions, and not to do it in all, is to neglect the possession of generous impulses rather than the possession of a single virtue. A sound philosophy would dictate that we do not do to eradicate an evil, rather than to attempt a temporary relief. A fragmentary form is fragmentary in its results, and treatment will not cure a constitutional disease. The remedy is to which it may give the body is soon overpowered by disease in other parts. So it is with the body of society. The physical elements suffering from the Olympic games did not save Greece. The invisible elevation of heathen Rome could not save Rome. A movement seeks to advance the interests of mankind in one direction only, surely fall in the end. The little good it effects will soon be paid by the corrupting influences of other human evils.

The doctrines of modern Spiritualism are entering into the minds of mankind in its efforts for social elevation. They aim to induce a kind into Paradise—not only a moral and social, but an intellectual and artistic Paradise. They point to a higher government than that made governments—to higher laws than man-made laws. They say that the soul of man should be a miniature Deity, governing the future Universe of his body; that mind is the true governor, and the true subject; that though mind may influence matter, it cannot influence it by arbitrary power. Each individual shall stand on the majesty of true manhood and womanhood, with no power in a good action but a moral power; shall seek no approbation but approval of a mind conscious of right. Though despotism and anarchy, in the infancy of human development, have advanced the work of society; though republicanism may aid society in reaching its goal; yet, when that point has been attained, society needs it no longer.

Spiritualism teaches us that justice and equity are not arbitrarily defined by capricious judges and corrupt juries; that arbitrary science is not always to perpetuate a recollection of the past—the past—aye, and of the present, too—by rearing up the gloomy ruins of prisons, lunatic asylums and almshouses for a humanity undisciplined in the future will direct in the construction of magnificent palaces for nations of just, sane, and rich men and women.

Spiritualism wars against all social slavery—all slavery of kind. It calls things by their right names, and it calls any condition in which an individual is placed in a state of artificial dependency another. What boots it whether a woman be owned as a chattel, or as a slave, or as a rag-picker before the door of a Fifth Avenue mansion, whose owner in dropping a dime into the hands of a slighter hand, can felicitate himself on having done an act of Christian duty, probably in the name of God of love. What care I whether I live or die in bonds, if the alternative be that he live—no, no, but exist—in the foul atmosphere and stench of a filthy and fetid cell or garret, run the streets in rags, and soon find his work a Christian prison, and perchance, his neck into a Christian halibut to knot?

Spiritualism condemns in a voice of thunder, the infamy of that throat commerce, which makes the rich richer, the poor poorer, condemns it as false to justice, false to Christianity, and false to Spiritualism. Spiritualism decries conventional virtue, conventional decency, conventional honesty, conventional politeness, conventional decorum, everything purely and only conventional. It tells us to unshackle ourselves of these and live a life of purity, such as an unperverted child, revelation, and science dictate.

Nature, revelation, and science are the triform teachers of the kind. The truths developed by them never conflict. They have to ever. They develop truth. Experience shows us past errors, and forbids the social structure of the future in all its magnitude, conception, harmony of proportion, beauty of outline, and perfect detail. To them must we turn if we would study the social destiny of mankind.

Christianity unfolded the general outlines of the great system of morals and government, which were to guide mankind up to the dawn of a glorious future. Protestantism is the religious phase of democracy the social phase of that system. The principles of the basis have to be applied a step further, and the sunlight revelation of eastern sky on the morn of the social millennium. Spiritualism decries those principles to each separate individuality of the human race. Christianity culminates in the Sovereignty of the Individual—its institutions, above all outward dictation—the limit of that correction being the limit set by a sense of individual justice which would suggest that no man infringe on the same right inherent in another.

Session of JUNE 13TH

Will some former or present resident of Fishkill, N. Y., who can speak from a knowledge of the facts, write us an account of the manifestations which took place at the house of a Dr. Thorne of that village between forty and fifty years ago?

THE NEW ERA

PHILADELPHIA, June 9, 1862. VIR.

BY MARY E. FROST, MEDIUM.

—

THE "SACRED CIRCLE" ON SLAVERY.

The March number of the "SACRED CIRCLE" is a valuable and inter-

The bitterest curse of slavery falls upon the master, and upon the diligent white man of the slave holding States; whilst the condition of the black may have been improved, and his ultimate hope of progress quickened by his connection with a more civilized race.

It is my belief, founded upon a more extended and intimate knowledge of the subject and its practical operation than is often afforded to the citizen of the non-slave-holding States, that the destination, to say nothing of the crime induced by the social inequality which prevails in the free States, occasions a greater amount, and a more aggravated,

On his arrival in my room, at about 11 o'clock A. M., on the fourth day of my illness, he found my head so swollen that I could not see out of my eyes, and the disease was fast settling on my *lungs*, and I was so distressed for breath that I could not lie down, but had to be bolstered up in a chair; nor could I retain anything on my stomach, as I had frequent vomiting and purging, by which, and a lack of sleep, my system was completely prostrated. Mr. Mann commenced by *laying his hands on my head, and the disordered parts*, and then made passes from the head downward, instead of giving drugs. This had almost imme-

SUSPENSION OF VITALITY.
MAYNOR, KNOX COUNTY, ILL., June 1st, 1835.

MAYNOR, KNOX COUNTY, ILL., June 1st, 1855

NELSON SELBY.

The last words he uttered were these:

"Let the vault of Heaven be your Church,
 The breaking thunders your church-bell,
 The murmuring winds your psalmody,
 The glistering stars your choralesters,
 And your minister your God,"

Yours, in truth,
 J. A. GRIMLEY.

SOUTHAMPTON, June 14th, 1855.

附注：1. 本表数据由作者根据《中国统计年鉴》(1995)整理。

Magnetism developed in spheres is more perfect than when developed in poles;
(its sensible properties are not so easily detected).

At Newtown, May 31st, **FREDERICK S.**, son of Stephen W. and Roxana Henderson, aged six years.

another column will be found a notice of the Lecture of Bro. HARRIS, to be given at the Stuyvesant Institute on Wednesday evening, 27th instant.

Brooklyn Institute.

Mr. GEO. T. DEXTER will lecture at the Brooklyn Institute, corner of Concord and Washington streets, next Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

The last words he uttered were these :

" Let the vault of Heaven be your Church,
The breaking thunders your church-bell,
The murmuring winds your music,
The glistening stars your candle-lights,
And your minister your God."

Yours, in truth,
J. A. GRIMLEY.

SOUTHAMPTON. June 14th, 1855.

